# THE LITERARY TABLET.

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## SELECTIONS.

### ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

*From the Literary Miſcellany.*

(Continued from page 50.)

The ſecond eſſay relates to the "fundamental principles of eſtabliſhments for the poor." In this is diſplayed an admirable knowledge of mankind, and an intimate acquaintance with the various feelings of the human heart. Rumford recommends the mildeſt and moſt gentle treatment to the poor, who are to be ſupported in a public inſtitution; the ſucceſs of a plan depending not ſo much upon the cloathing, food, and lodging, which is to be allowed them, as upon the manner of diſpenſing thoſe bleſſings. No eſtabliſhment for their relief can proſper by any laws, which a ſovereign can impoſe, but every thing, like compulſion, ſhould be carefully avoided. Charity alone is the ſource, whence the indigent and diſtreſſed can ever find permanent aſſiſtance, and all the operations in founding an aſylum for their ſupport conſiſt in properly directing this ſingle virtue.

Every thing ſhould be done to place the poor and helpleſs in comfortable ſituations, and ſuch treatment ſhown towards them, as will make them love and reſpect their benefactors. When this is effected, and the military workhouſe in Munich muſt convince the world, that it may eaſily be done, they will engage with cheerfulneſs in any uſeful employment. Take them from the depths of deſpair and miſery, and no difficulty will occur in teaching them the delights of induſtry. This is a leading principle of Rumford's plans.

As the firſt eſſay contains a minute account of the houſe of induſtry at Munich, the ſecond compriſes a particular examination of the general principles, on which ſimilar inſtitutions may be formed in any country. Stateſmen, whoſe duty it is to watch over and protect the intereſts of their country, and even create and draw from all poſſible ſources an increaſe of natural induſtry and proſperity, can never pay too much attention to this ſubject. We have looked with admiration upon the ſucceſs of Rumford's ſchemes for the relief of poverty and wretchedneſs, and the wonder ought now to be, that ſuch a creature, as a beggar, is known in civil ſociety.

The article of food is the ſubject of his third eſſay. He found, that water acted a more important part in nutrition, than has generally been imagined. That ſoups, compoſed of pearl barley, peaſe, potatoes, cuttings of fine wheaten bread, vinegar, ſalt, and water, in certain proportions, afforded the cheapeſt, moſt ſavory, and moſt nouriſhing food, that could be procured. But as the pleaſure of eating is by no means to be diſregarded, ſmall cuttings of dry bread are put into the ſoups, juſt before being ſerved up for the table, which requires maſtication, and prolongs the enjoyment of eating. By the Count's intereſting experiments on this ſubject it is ſurpriſing, how ſmall a quantity of ſolid food is neceſſary to provide a luxurious dinner.

The object of this eſſay is to ſhow the importance of cookery, as it reſpects national economy, the health, and the enjoyments of mankind; and however different may be the purſuits of the epicure and the ſtateſman, Rumford has promoted the intereſt of both.

"The plague of a ſmoking chimney is proverbial," and, if Rumford's plans of reform, contained in his fourth eſſay, have not rendered the proverb obſolete, it is becauſe his directions have not been accurately obſerved, or carefully executed. In this eſſay upon chimney fireplaces he has given numerous details and illuſtrations concerning the cauſe of the aſcent of ſmoke, the mode of altering ſmoking chimneys, the means of increaſing the quantity of radiant heat, and in ſhort, ſatisfactorily ſhown how to make common fires more uſeful with leſs expenſe of fuel, than the common fire places require.

As the combined heat, or that, which paſſes up the chimney with the ſmoke and vapor, is probably four or five times greater, than that, which paſſes off, as radiant heat, which is the only part, that warms the room, the great difficulty is to form the chimney in ſuch a manner, as to diminiſh the quantity of combined heat, by increaſing that of the radiant heat.

He found, that bricks and morter or freſtone were the beſt materials, and that the ſides of the fireplace, made of them, ſhould form an angle of 135 degrees with the back. That the back ſhould be one third the breadth of the fireplace in front, and carried perpendicularly up till it meets the breaſt, and end abruptly, leaving the throat of the chimney in the narroweſt place about four inches wide. The ſides of the fireplace ſhould be plaſtered, and whitewaſhed, becauſe they will then abſorb leſs heat, and ſend into the room by reflection more radiant, heat than any other ſubſtance or color is capable of doing.

The back, the ſides, and the breaſt of the fireplace ſhould all be made ſmooth, and without any projection whatever. The breaſt muſt be made round, or a little convex, from the inner ſide of the mantle to where it riſes to from the forepart of the throat of the chimney.

Beſides explaining the philoſophical principles, on which the alterations in chimneys are to be made, and giving all the minute directions, neceſſary to be followed in theſe improvements,* he ſays, the expenſe of fuel by his own experiments is reduced one half. But much of the neatneſs, economy, and comfort of a fire depend on the management of the fuel.

"Thoſe, who have feeling enough," ſays Count Rumford, "to be made miſerable by any thing careleſs, ſlovenly, and waſteful, which happens under their eyes, who know what comfort is, and conſequently are worthy the enjoyment of a *clean hearth* and a *cheerful fire*, ſhould really either take the trouble themſelves to manage their fires, which indeed would rather be an amuſement to them, than a trouble, or they ſhould inſtruct their ſervants to manage them better."

As coals are much uſed for fuel, eſpecially in England, Rumford has given proper rules for improving the grates in open fireplaces. Nothing is obſcure in his explanations, but every principle and direction is conveyed in language, pure, eaſy, and intelligible.

His fifth eſſay compriſes "a ſhort account of the military academy at Munich;" "an account of the means uſed to improve the breed of horſes and horned cattle in Bavaria and the Palatinate;" "an account of the meaſures, adopted for putting an end to uſury at Munich," and "an account of a ſcheme for employing the ſoldiery in Bavaria in repairing the highways and public roads." The laſt has not yet been effected, owing to ſome particular reaſons; but the Count ſays, "perhaps a time will come, when they will ceaſe to exiſt."

*(To be continued.)*

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* *Owing to the careleſſneſs, conceit, or obſtinacy of our maſons, the plans, here recommended, have only been partially, if at all followed. Among the many hundreds of fireplaces, which were altered under Rumford's own directions, and many were tho't to be quite incurable, he has never been diſappointed, but every one has fully anſwered his expectations. That there ſhould be many old chimnies, which for the want of theſe alterations now continue to ſmoke, is not to be wondered at; but that new ones ſhould daily be erected, which by ſmoking render the rooms quite uncomfortable, is really aſtoniſhing.*

*If the maſons will not examine new ſchemes, and put them in practice, when ſuch ſatisfactory evidence is produced of their efficacy, thoſe perſons, who are building, ſhould ſee to it themſelves; and, if they will only take the trouble to conſtruct the chimneys* "in the neighborhood of the fireplace" *properly, they may reſt aſſured, that their houſes will be freed from the plague of a ſmoking chimney.*

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### AN ESSAY ON MODERN IDOLATRY.

*(Continued from page 46.)*

Honor is a "capricious idol, and accommodates himſelf to the pleaſure and convenience of his followers." The diverſity of opinion, entertained among the moderns concerning this idol, is worthy of note. Every ſect, profeſſion, and character, make pretenſions to his worſhip; each differing from the reſt in almoſt every particular except the name. "I am a *man of honor*" is an emphatical expreſſion in the mouth of every one, from the officer of ſtate to the tenant of the Bridewell. If Varro could enumerate three hundred Jupiters among the ancients, we can certainly furniſh as many Honors among the moderns. Their laws are to me involved in ſuch a maze of obſcurity and inconſiſtency, that I muſt paſs them over in ſilence, briefly obſerving, that among the ancients acceſs to his temple was obtained only by paſſing through that of virtue. Among *our honorables* this is ſo far from being eſteemed

a prerequiſite, that it is deemed a diſparagement.

The next, which merits our attention, is Bacchus. That he ſtill maintains, and that he ever will maintain his ancient godſhip inviolate, we cannot heſitate to affirm. For the number and reſpectability of his votaries he ſhould rank next to Plutus; and for univerſality of influence yield to none in the modern pantheon. The muſes were formerly ſaid to have been under the guardianſhip of Apollo; but it is generally believed, that they are now worſhipped through the ſecret mediation of Bacchus. If Mercury once preſided over eloquence, we all know, that Bacchus now enjoys that prerogative. Like ancient Circe too, he alone poſſeſſes the power of transforming men into brutes. To a few of his favored and enlightened ſons are entruſted the modern Eluſinian myſteries. Their pretenſions to ſecrecy and hidden knowledge are proverbial; but this they cannot conceal, their actions beſpeak them the votaries of the generous god of the grape. Although it be notorious, that Bacchus does not, as formerly, beſtow the bleſſings of wealth on his followers; yet this is certain, that by enliſting under his banners the favorites of Plutus may rid themſelves of their golden boons more effectually, than Midas did by bathing in the ſtreams of Pactolus.

It will perhaps be thought, that the fair goddeſs of love ſhould ere this have arreſted our attention; but alas! of all her once boaſted influence nought remains but her name in the numbers of the poet. For when ſhe had been ſuſpended in the exerciſe of her functions in the civilized world by the influence of Plutus, ſhe bade adieu to the dedicated groves of Paphos and Idalia, and winged her way to the fertile plains of Otaheite, the Eden of love. There ſhe and Mars hold an undiſturbed empire over the numerous iſlands of the great Southern Ocean. Ever ſince her flight her province has been wholly under the guidance of the god of riches; and without his aſſent ſeldom does Hymen light the torch, or Calliope ſing the marriage ſong. Virtue, delicacy, ſymmetry of features, and the long liſt of female accompliſhments are but baubles, when compared with the *ſolid and laſting* charms of gold. In fact the golden age has returned. Gold has monopolized almoſt the whole province of love. Our modern Danäes too muſt yield to its influence; and Cupid ſeldom aims a ſhaft, unleſs tipt with gold.

The virgin, Veſta, who had been eſteemed a goddeſs ever ſince the days of the daughter of Jephtha, has fallen into diſrepute in this degenerate age. Her numerous convents or temples in the eaſtern world, which ſometime ſince afforded an aſſylum to the unfortunate fair, in which they might take refuge from the tongue of ſlander, and bid adieu to the world and its cares, are either demoliſhed, or become the ſcenes of infamy. None will now receive the once honorable veil but thoſe, who are ſoured by diſappointment, and who are willing to perſiſt in a life of celibacy no longer, than an opportunity offers of changing "better for worſe."

Having thus taken a curſory view of thoſe deities, whoſe worſhip has engroſſed both the ancient and modern world, we will turn our attention to one of more recent date. This is Faſhion. Her origin was long the ſubject of ſtrict ſcrutiny among modern mythologiſts.—Some have ſuppoſed her the offspring of Plutus, while others have endeavored to trace her deſcent by ranſacking the ruſty volume of Heſiod; but all to no purpoſe, for it has been ſince proved, that her divinity conſiſts in nothing more, than an inanimate *gooſe*, fabricated by ſome modern Cyclops. Although of the meaneſt origin, yet her celebrity is ſo great, that her votaries may be found in all the grades of ſociety from the peaſant to the king. Verſatility in appearance is their diſtinguiſhed characteriſtic. This is often carried ſo far by the faireſt half of creation, that within the riſe and fall of a weather glaſs we have witneſſed as ſtrange metamorphoſes, as any, related by Ovid. Sometimes they have increaſed in height and magnitude, far ſurpaſſing the original; but, by ſome ſudden caprice of faſhion, they have now diveſted themſelves of almoſt every incumbrance, and are faſt approaching towards the ſimplicity of Eve.

In ſacrificing at the ſhrine of Faſhion nothing is too dear to be withheld. The *Faſhionalia*,* or feſtivals of faſhion, like the Palilia, are celebrated during the night; and, although they often endanger both life and health, yet ſuch is the veneration for this favorite idol, that the ſuffering fair one will ſeldom attribute the cauſe of her malady to its true ſource.—The influence of faſhion over the minds and actions of mankind at large is truly extenſive. The ſenſe of modeſty is far from being ſtationary, but varies with the fluctuating laws of faſhion. The ſtyle of modern writers, in conformity with the prevailing modes of dreſs, has already become looſe and impure; and the chaſteſt eye now dwells with delight upon objects, which ſome few years ſince would have "o'erſtepp'd the modeſty of nature."

Thus do we ſee, that, while the moderns are raiſing the accuſation of idolatry againſt the ancients, they alſo bear the mark of the beaſt in their foreheads; and, although they deny it with their lips, they proclaim it aloud by their actions.

While we cenſure the depravity of the ancient Iſraelites in turning aſide after falſe gods, we too bow the knee to Baal, and offer ſacrifices to Moloch. Like them we poſſeſs the *advantages* of revealed religion, but content ourſelves with diſobeying its precepts.

* *Balls.* Y. C.

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### FEMALE EDUCATION.

INNOVATIONS, however neceſſary to the welfare and happineſs of mankind, will ever meet with oppoſitions from thoſe, who are bigoted to ancient manners, and hold ſacred the principles of their predeceſſors. Unfortunately the number of thoſe, who imagine every abſurd notion of their fathers, of much importance, is very great. Whatever cuſtom has ſanctioned, for a ſucceſſion of ages, is generally eſteemed of equal conſequence with the laws of nature. Hence ariſes the difficulty of affecting any ſalutary change the ſyſtem of female education. It has long been the prevailing opinion, that women are incapable of arriving to a moderate degree of excellence in things, which require conſiderable exerciſe of the mental powers. But were they to overcome this ſuppoſed natural impoſſibility and progreſs in literature, it is urged, that no important advantage would reſult therefrom, either to themſelves, or the community. With ſuch arguments, parents juſtify themſelves in neglecting the inſtruction of their daughters; and are ſurpriſed, that ſome conſider the mental improvement of women, an object worthy of attention. To be ſkilled in domeſtic concerns and to poſſeſs the art of dreſſing to advantage, they believe the only neceſſary qualifications for one half the ſpecies. But the buſineſs of forming the tender mind and implanting the firſt principles of education, is almoſt wholly committed to their charge. Many deep rooted prejudices are imbibed in early youth, which are the natural reſult of the ignorance and credulity of *affectionate* mothers, or ſuperſtitious nurſes, who are ever more ſucceſsful in gaining aſſent to their fanciful notions, than the wiſeſt philoſopher to the dictates of reaſon, or the ableſt divine to the important truths of religion.—Thoſe ideas, which are firſt received in the mind, are with difficulty eradicated. They are often ſuppoſed innate; conſequently, he, who is falſly inſtructed, had better remained without any pretence to knowledge, and they, who embrace chimeras for realities, are at a greater remove from true ſcience, than the completely ſtupid. They may juſtly be compared to the minus quantities in algebraic numbers. If ſuch pernicious effects reſult from the uncultivated ſtate of the female mind, ſurely ſome remedy ought to be ſpeedily applied for the removal of the evil. Let a method be deviſed, that folly be not tranſmitted to poſterity. It is frequently aſſerted, that "people muſt be enlightened to ſupport a republican government." This obſervation is true. But we ſhould reflect, that our ſons will lack wiſdom, if their mothers were nurtured in ignorance. Judicious teachers, by diligent attention, may remove the errors of childhood, and proceed to give proper inſtruction, but much more pleaſing would be the taſk, had they never been confirmed in error. To prevent this, let not thoſe, who will hereafter act ſuch an eſſential part towards forming the future genius of our country, be denied the privilege of a good education. N.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### *The benevolence of Deity manifeſted in the works of Creation.*

The beneficence of Deity is conſpicuous throughout the works of creation. From the ſmalleſt vegetable, which ſprings from the earth, to the incomprehenſible planetary ſyſtems, the contemplative mind is furniſhed with a variety of uſeful and important ſubjects for meditation. The uniformity and harmony, which are every where diſplayed, the noble purpoſes, for which all things are divinely intended, the ſtrict economy and wiſe diſpoſition, which ſo forcibly mark the hand of nature, all conſpire to ſhew forth the glorious power, wiſdom and goodneſs of a Supreme Being. If we ſhould deſcend to the loweſt ſpecies in the vegetable kingdom, and conſider the various particles, that compoſe the petty ſhrub or blade of graſs, we are ſurpriſed at the wonderful prudence manifeſted in the conſtruction of ſo inconſiderable a part of creation.

If we riſe into the animal world, and view multitudes of created beings, which inhabit the earth, and ſubſiſt upon its bountiful productions, our admiration is increaſed.

If we turn our eyes to the vaſt canopy, that encircles our orb, and contemplate the immenſe number of worlds which compoſe the univerſe, we are loſt in amazement.—The infinite power and wiſdom there diſplayed, ſtrikes us with a conviction of the exiſtence of a God. If we turn our attention to the human ſpecies, if we conſider the exact ſymmetry and proportion ſo ſtrictly obſerved in the conſtruction of the corporeal ſyſtem, the operations of the ſeveral parts of the body upon each other, its adequateneſs to endure the fatigues, to ſuffer the wounds, and to perform the actions, which the duties of life require; if we conſider that the body is actuated by a ſoul endued with rational faculties and capable of comprehending the beauties and excellencies of nature, we muſt view man as the nobleſt work of his creator.

For man were created all other animals. The ferocious ſtrength of the lion trembles at his approach, the ſwift flight of the eagle is not exempt from his reach, and the huge bulk of the whale yields to his ſuperiority. If, in contemplating theſe objects, we diſcover ſome things, that appear to be inconſiſtent with the character, or not to anſwer the benevolent purpoſes of a Creator, infinite in wiſdom and goodneſs, ſhall we thence raſhly conclude, that they were made in vain? Rather let us attribute it to the limited extent of our knowledge, than inability to fruſtrate the deſigns of Deity.

CORIOLANUS.

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FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

*On the immortality of the ſoul.*

He who tells me, he denies h s ſoul imm rtal
Whate'er h s boaſt, has told me he's a knave.
YOUNG.

THE wiſdom of God is clearly ſeen in all things that are made; his benevolence ſtrikingly diſplayed and almighty power exhibited in all the labors of Omnipotence. While we ſurvey all the works of his hand with admiration and wonder, let us conſider the faculties by which we contemplate their creation, and ſay, if they are not the moſt wonderful! Can the reſult of ſuch reflections be, that theſe faculties live no longer than our feeble bodies? Surely no. Even the Atheiſt, in his lucid moments, would anſwer no. Yes, he would confeſs that ſouls ſtamped with ſuch immortal energies could not expire with the inſect tribe. It is generally acknowledged that every deſire implanted in our natures is to be rationally gratified. Shall then the "immortal longings" within us be diſappointed?

All mankind, from the moſt ignorant ſavage to the moſt renowned philoſopher believe, that our exiſtence ends not with this life. Although the ideas of moſt, when unaſſiſted by revelation are abſurd; yet, that virtue is rewarded and vice puniſhed, is impreſſed on the minds of all.

Chriſtian, where is thy bluſh at the noble conjecture of ſome of the ancients? They conceived that powers which, in imagination, could create worlds, without natural evils, and beings without moral imperfections, ought not to expire with the flaſh which illumines the heavens, with the ſcintillation which dies the moment of its birth. Some of them not only thought nobly but acted wiſely. Shade of immortal Socrates! accept my humble veneration for thy wiſdom and virtue. Although ſurrounded by the dark, myſterious mythology of the age in which thou waſt born, thy ken pierced the clouds which enveloped thee, and diſcovered *Eternal Wiſdom on high*. While others groped in Cimmerian darkneſs, the beauteous and reſplendent light of day ſhone around thy head. Doubts, "which fleſh is heir to," obſcured, but did not darken thy belief. Thy life and inſtructions are monuments to the honor of humanity; thy death and ſuſequent honors are marks of the wickedneſs and frivolity of the idolized Athenians. May we read, love and practiſe thy maxims.

But the ancients had only the light of nature, which is but a dim and twilight gloom to diſcover our immortality, compared with the glorious light of the Goſpel, which declares we were born for eternity; tells us we are allied to Angels, we are ſons of God.

AMICO-CINCINNATUS.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Propoſitions and Solutions: Tranſlated from Quevedo.*

1. How to oblige all handſome women to follow, if you are a man, and the rich gallants, if you are a woman,

Be ſure always to keep behind them when they are going.

2. To be ſure of a good reception wherever you go! *and it is infallible.*

Give ſomething in every place, and you will find ſo good a reception, that you will have cauſe to repent.

3. To make the woman you love run after you, wherever you go, though you have never ſeen her but once in your life,

Steal what ſhe has, and ſhe will purſue you to the end of the world.

4. That men and women may grant all you aſk of them,

Deſire the women to take all you have, and the men to give you nothing, and they will grant it.

5. To be rich,

If you have money keep it, and if you have not, do not covet it, and you will be rich enough.

6. To come at any woman without ever failing,

If ſhe walks, put on; if ſhe puts on, run; if ſhe runs, fly; and you'll ſoon come at her.

7. That the cloaths you have may never wear out,

Tear them to rags yourſelf, and they will not wear out.

8. That you may never grow grey or old,

Die when you are young.

9. To prevent taylors ſtealing your cloth,

Let them make no clothes for you.

10. To be in great eſteem,

Get much money, live luxurioufly, and treat all that come near you.

11. To prevent growing old,

Keep always in the ſun in ſummer, and in the wet in winter; never give yourſelf reſt; fret at every thing that happens; eat your meat cold, and drink water.

12. That you may be ſucceſsful in all law ſuits,

Never pay your counſellor nor your ſolicitor, nor any fees of court, for all the money is certainly loſt, and it is a daily charge upon you, and if you *gain* your *cauſe*, and pay them, ſtill your *money* is gone; and if you are caſt, ſtill worſe. And take notice, that before you go to law, the *controverſy* is, whether the money is your's or another's; but when once the ſuit is begun, the *contrivance* is, that it be neither your's nor the other's, but their's who pretend to defend you both.

13. That you may never lie long ſick,

Send for your phyſician when you are well, and give him money, becauſe you are *not* ſick—for if you give it him when you are *ill*, how can you expect that he ſhould give you health, which *he gets nothing by*, and remove the diſtemper, which *he lives by?*

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*A blind man's idea of light.*

M. Rohault wiſhed to communicate the idea of light to a blind pupil; after a long and elaborate diſcourſe, when he hoped he had in ſome meaſure ſucceeded, he was aſked this queſtion by the blind man, "Is not light made of the ſame materials as ſugar?"

*Anthology.*

*A ſecret ſeldom divulged.*

Bayle ſays that a woman will inevitably divulge every ſecret with which ſhe is entruſted, except one—that is *her own age.*

ANECDOTE.

Henry the Great to the ſoundeſt judgment added a vein of the trueſt wit. When, wounded in the mouth by an aſſaſſin, and informed he belonged to the college of Jeſuits, he obſerved he had often heard from the *mouths* of others, that the Jeſuits were not his friends, he now knew it from his own.

EPIGRAMS.

Do you, ſaid Fanny t'other day,
In earneſt love me as you ſay?
Or are thoſe tender words apply'd
Alike to fifty girls beſide?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;
For by thoſe eyes, thoſe lips, I ſwear—
She ſtop'd as the oath I took,
And cried you've ſworn—now kiſs the book.

Ever buſy, ne'er employ'd,
Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd,
Ever doom'd to ſeek and miſs,
And pay unbleſs'd the price of bliſs.

---

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of Eugenio's favors. We hope he will continue to adorn our numbers with his poetic ſtrains.

Under what ſhade ſleeps the muſe of A. Z.?

The poetical favors of Hermes have been received, and while they evince ſuch native genius, ſhall ever find a place in the Tablet.

Amico-Cincinnatus will be read with pleaſure by the lovers of religion, and contemners of infidelity.

The 5th number from the Literary Workſhop was received too late for this number—it ſhall appear in our next.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

### THE ROSE.

SCARCE twenty ſummers had I ſeen,
And ſaunter'd from my native bow'r
No farther than my fav'rite green,
To muſe away a penſive hour.

One day in June, at early morn,
The ſun diffus'd his orient beam;
The red-breaſt perch'd upon the thorn,
Arouſed from a pleaſing dream.

The dew drop gliſt'ned from the ſpray;
The wood-lark touch'd the morning lyre,
Pour'd forth his care diſpenſing lay,
And ſang with love enkindling fire.

Soft zephyrs caught the matin theme,
And ſwam along the fragrant breeze,
Now murm'ring to the winding ſtream,
Now, whiſp'ring to the waving trees.

As forth I wand'red on the green,
Mine eyes beheld a heav'nly maid,
Of angel form and downcaſt mien,
In white rob'd innocence array'd

Her auburn locks with ivy wound,
Their graceful ringlets did diſplay;
A myrtle wreath her temples bound,
And ſnow-drops on her boſom lay.

Slow mov'd the fair one through the glade,
Each motion elegance and eaſe,
The graces ſportive round her play'd,
And muſes dancing to the breeze.

With trembling ſteps I flew to meet—
Ah! love was panting in my breaſt;
I bow'd ſubmiſſive at her feet,
And thus the beauteous maid addreſs'd.

Fair lady, I a garden have,
And ſpring the green buds gently ope,
Say, can you—will you give me leave
To plant therein one root of hope?

"Riſe gentle youth" my charmer cried,
In accents ſoft as angels uſe,
And from a hawthorn, by her ſide,
She pluck'd a blooming new blown Roſe,

"Accept this badge of Eden's hue;
"A token of my pure eſteem;
"While you are virtuous, kind and true,
"This gem ſhall never ceaſe to beam!"

She ſweetly bluſhing ſought the grove;
The ruby, to my lips I preſt,
All eſſenc'd in the ſweets of love,
And hung it in my am'rous breaſt.

EUGENIO.

## SELECTED POETRY.

### POWER OF AFFECTION.

*"Trifles in themſelves*
*Are to the feeling heart of greater worth*
*Than India's richeſt gems."*

TOUCH'D by the magic hand of thoſe we love,
A trifle will of conſequence appear;
A flow'r, a blade of graſs, a pin, a glove,
A ſcrap of paper will become moſt dear.

And is that being happy whoſe cold heart
Feels not, nor underſtands this ſource of joy;
To whom a trifle can no joy impart;
Who loſe them, caſt them by, deface, deſtroy?

Yes, they are happy; if th' inſenſate rocks
On which the ocean beats or ſoftly laves,
Rejoice that they are hurt not by the ſhocks
Which hurl poor ſailors to untimely graves.

Yes, they are happy; if the poliſh'd gem
On which the ſun, in varied colours plays,
Rejoices that its luſtre comes from him;
And glows with rapture to reflect his rays:

Not elſe. Though hearts ſo exquiſitely form'd
Feel agony a thouſand different ways:
Yet when by love, or friendſhip's power charm'd,
One moment's bliſs, an age of pain repays.

One kind approving look, one cheerful ſmile,
Can from the mind each painful image blot;
The voice that charms us, can all pain beguile,
Liſt'ning, the world beſide is all forgot.

Tho' ſharp the pang, which friendſhip ſlighted gives,
Tho' to the eye fond tears may force their way;
The cauſe removed, when hope again revives,
Light fits the "boſom's lord," and all is gay.

True, when obliged to part from thoſe we love,
'Tis like the pang, when ſoul and body's riven;
But when we meet, the ſpirit ſoars above,
And taſtes the exquiſite delights of Heaven.

Be mine the feeling heart—for who would fear
To paſs the dreary vale of death's abode;
If certain at the end they ſhould be near,
And feel the ſmile of a benignant God!

---

*Verſes on Sir J—— L——'s coming of Age.*

BY DR. JOHNSON.

LONG expected one and twenty,
Ling'ring year at length has flown,
Pride and pleaſure, pomp and plenty,
Great Sir J——, are now your own.

Looſen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to ſell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the ſons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betſies, Kates and Jennies,
All the names that baniſh care,
Laviſh of your grandſire's guineas,
Shew the ſpirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly,
Joy to ſee their quarry fly;
Here the gameſter light and jolly,
There the lender grave and ſly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouſes,
Pockets full, and ſpirits high—
What are acres? what are houſes?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian, friend or mother,
Tell the woes of wilful waſte;
Scorn their council, ſcorn their pother—
You can hang or drown at laſt!

---

### DESCRIPTION OF A POET.

BY WM. COWPER, ESQ.

I KNOW the mind that feels indeed the fire
The muſe imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her ſoft attention claim,
A tender ſympathy pervades the frame,
She pours a ſenſibility divine
Along the nerve of every feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne,
Fire indignation and a ſenſe of ſcorn,
The ſtrings are ſwept with ſuch a pow'r, ſo loud,
The ſtorm of muſic ſhakes th' aſtoniſh'd croud.
So when remote futurity is brought,
Before the keen enquiry of her thought,
A terrible ſagacity informs
The Poet's heart, he looks to diſtant ſtorms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempeſt low'rs,
And arm'd with ſtrength, ſurpaſſing human pow'rs,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his ſoul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the ſame,
Hence Britiſh poets too the prieſthood ſhar'd,
And every hallow'd druid was a bard.

---

MR. ORLANDO,

*If the peruſal of "The Complaint" affords you as much pleaſure as it did me, it will find a ready reinſertion in the Tablet.*

A HERMIT.

WELL, 'tis a dull perpetual round,
That here we ſilly mortals tread;
Here's nought, I ſwear, worth living to be found,
I wonder how 'tis with the dead.
Better, I hope, or elſe, ye Powers divine,
Unmake me, I my immortality reſign.

Still to be vex'd by joys delay'd,
Or by fruition to be cloy'd!
Still to be wearied in a fruitleſs chaſe,
Yet ſtill to run and loſe the race!
Still our departed pleaſures to lament,
Which, e'en when preſent, gave us no content!

Is this the thing we ſo extol,
For which we would prolong our breath?
Do we, for *this*, long life a bleſſing call?
And tremble at the name of death?

Sots that we are to think by that we gain
Which is as well retained as loſt with pain.
Is it for this that we adore
Phyſicians and their aid implore?
For this, bleſs nature's liberal ſupply
Of helps againſt mortality?
Sure 'tis but vain the tree of Life to boaſt,
When Paradiſe, wherein it grew, is loſt.

Ye powers, why did ye man create,
With ſuch inſatiable deſire?
If you endow him with no more eſtate,
You ſhould have made him leſs aſpire.
But, now our appetites you vex and cheat
With *real* hunger and *phantaſtic* meat.

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